Do We Remember Dewey at Manila?

Do We, Do We, Yer Bet Yer Life We Do!

WORDS BY
MORT GREEN
MUSIC BY
HARRY DeCOSTA

COMPOSER OF
"LITTLE GREY MOTHER"
"AT THE COFFEE COOLER'S TEA"
"AN OLD GRAND ARMY MAN", "THAT SOOTHING SERENADE" ETC.

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Do We Remember Dewey At Manila?

(Do We, Do We, "Yer Bet Yer Life" We Do!)

Lyric by
MORT GREEN

Music by
HARRY De COSTA

f

Our sol-diers on the fir - ing line, Each
Each sail - or lad is might - y glad To

Till Ready

ff *mf* *p*

one has done his share— Of beat - ing back the Hun each day, On land and in the air.— But
show the world to - day— Just what the U. S. A. can do To help to win the fray.—They'll

soon our sail - or boys will have their chance, It won't be long— Be - fore they go a,-
make their stand for Yank - ee Land, Wher - ev - er they may be,— They'll get the Kais - er's

CHORUS

cross and then You'll hear this lit - tle song. Do we re - mem - ber Dew - ey at Ma-
goat and drive His U - boats from the sea. Do we re - mem - ber Dew - ey at Ma-

ff *p - f*

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nil - a?___ Do we, Do we,___ "Yer bet yer life we do!"___ We'll sail right up the
nil - a?___ Do we, Do we,___ "Yer bet yer life we do!"___ We'll sail right up the

Kiel Ca-nal, And aft - er we are thro'___ The Huns will all be glad to "warb-le" "Yank-ee Dood-le,"
Kiel Ca-nal, And aft - er we are thro'___ The Huns will all be glad to "warb-le" "Yank-ee Dood-le,"

too.___ They'll learn that we re - mem - ber, A cer - tain lit - tle date.___ We'll du-pli-cate what
too.___ We just can't wait to get there, We'll put them all to rout,___ And in the Kais-er's

hap-pened back in Eigh-teen Nine-ty Eight.___ Do we re-mem-ber Dew-ey at Ma-
pal - ace in a chor - us we will shout:___ Do we re-mem-ber Dew-ey at Ma-

f

1. 2.

nil - a? Do we, Do we,___ "Yer bet yer life we do!"___ do!"___
nil - a? Do we, Do we,___ "Yer bet yer life we do!"___ do!"___

ff

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Lyric by
EDNA STANTON WHALEY

Music by
F. H. BISHOP

Moderately slow

pp

When the sky in the East flames crim-son and gold In the light of the morn-ing sun, — When in

p

clear lilt-ing voice sweet song birds re-joice, Bid-ding wel-come to day just be - gun: — Then I

poco cresc. *f* *p*

Tenderly

pass on my way to the la-bor of day, And your smile as we part thrills me through, — For it

p

and with much expression

short-ens the day till the light fades a-way, And eve-ning brings rest and you, — And

colla voce

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